

DARK TIMES

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TERROR IN GERMANY

By Serifina Fox, Dark Times Correspondent

An entire country grieves as the death toll continues to rise. A wide range of shocking images and reports have streamed from almost every city in Germany... The murder of a kindergarten teacher at the tiny hands of her pupils in Stuttgart, the torture and execution of three altar boys by their normally jovial parish priest in Berlin, to the horrific murder of an infant by her mother, wife to the youngest ever director of the Deutsche Bank, who later committed suicide by getting torn to pieces by her guard dogs in Munich.

The body count for this horror show of murders, suicides, and bizarre accidents is now thought to stand at more than 150 people, with more being revealed every morning. Frankfurt City Council has collapsed after half of it's members died of carbon monoxide poisoning during a

lengthy council session. 17 major corporate entities have seen their share prices collapse as a wave of deaths virtually wiped out their Boards. Munich will come to a standstill on Friday as it's beloved Mayor is buried, after his assassination by a mentally ill homeless person who believed he was carrying God's work.

The fear of what the night will bring has paralysed large tracts of the country. Hamburg is close to being overwhelmed by refugees after it was reported by several media sources that there have been no incidents within the city. It has also been reported that the powers that be in Hamburg have been hiding their victims in some sort of ill conceived cover up.

No one seems to know when the madness will end for this European powerhouse.

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CARNAGE IN CALIFORNIA!

By Charlotte Devereux, Dark Times Correspondent

Widespread gang violence between Sabbat and Anarchs in the Anarch Free State has escalated to frightening levels over the past few weeks as rising tensions between the Sects resulted in outbursts of extreme violence and bloodshed.

Sabbat drivebys were copycatted by Anarchs, Anarch firebombing was then copied by the Sabbat.

And now? The latest upsurge in violence sees the Anarchs luring Sabbat members out into the open where they are picked off by long range sniper fire.

Distant laughter was reported by survivors which only adds to the fury of the packs involved. The Sabbat have replied in kind and are now targeting Anarchs with

their own marksmen. It is only a matter of time before the Masquerade is broken, when people that have been shot in the chest calmly get up and run around in full view of the public.

Action needs to be taken NOW before California turns into a total warzone. It is believed that the Camarilla in the neighbouring State of Nevada are maintaining a state of extreme vigilance in order to cut the supply of firearms into California.

As a State with extremely tight gun laws, it stands to reason that supply runs to Nevada are the source of the new arsenal of powerful weapons being deployed in this crisis.

MIDDLE EAST CIVIL WAR!

By Phoenix Oswald, Dark Times Correspondent

Violence between terrorists, religious zealots, and government troops has continued to spread recently in Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and Iraq. Government planes have been dropping bombs on reportedly civilian targets, and religious zealots calling themselves the Covenant of Blood have been launching suicide attacks on a wide, sometimes bizarre, range of targets.

The most frightening thing being reported in that the Covenant of Blood are operating in all four countries. For an uprising that was believed to be opportunistic and formed at a grassroots level to now be revealed to be an international, motivated, and strategically led coalition of fighters that has seemingly developed rapidly from out of nowhere, has shocked intelligence agencies all over the world.



MISKAL POETRY

"I crawled along without a rest
I crawled through lea and snowy
crest
I crawled because I had to know
Where oh where those prints
would go
I crawled until I saw the sign
That glimpse of truth dark and
malign.

THE PRINTS BEFORE MY
BLEEDING EYES
THE PRINTS I'D FOLLOWED
NEATH DARKLING SKIES
THE PRINTS THAT WENT
THROUGH BUSH AND BRIAR
THE PRINTS THAT LEAD TO
KNOW HOME FIRE
The prince I saw there in that
line
The prince I saw HaD AlWaYs
BeEn MiNe."

A TEST AND A BOON

By King Angus MacDonald

Kindred of Glasgow,

You may have heard rumours that I recently called Cecile LaChance a Caitiff publicly at the recent party in Alexander Dunsirn's mansion. I did. I must stress that I have no problems with Caitiff. As such, naming her a Caitiff was merely a statement of fact and not an insult.

Either way, Cecile was outraged. I am willing to offer a public apology and recompense in the form of 10 minor boons to Cecile, depending on the results of a public blood testing by the Tremere to confirm that she is not Caitiff.

Angus McDonald,
Lord of Spain,
Regent of Orkney.



WORST DRESSED THUGS

By Alexander Dunsirn

My recent arrival in the fair city of Glasgow has been marred by violent praxis seizure, instability, rudeness and general hostility. For all that it remains the most welcoming domain in all the British isles.

I made a point when I first arrived back from Venice to tour the country visiting each and every major court. I was appalled at the lack of manners the Camarilla displayed. Not the sophisti-

cated lords and ladies of the night I had been expecting. I put it behind me, I am here for business after all and I have enough experience with lowlives to cope just fine.

I was most pleasantly surprised then when Glasgow's new Harpy, Nathaira hosted a most wonderful party at Glasgow's last court. A vibrant, enjoyable and dare I say profitable evening much more in keeping with what I had been lead to believe a camarilla domain should be like.

Costumes, contests, hay forts, dis-

plays of great art and skill. All these and more were provided by Nathaira. I do hope when next I visit the other courts of the land they will have bucked up their ideas and put on equally marvelous entertainment.



THE END OF BEEZLEBOSS, KING OF FLIES.

By Clarice, Herald of Glasgow

Through the valley of hideous tumours they walked, until the mouth of darkness was about to swallow them. The soul of darkness, tainted darker lead the way into the darkling horror before transcending the light into shadow triggering the well laid plan of ancient evil. His body was burned and yet they stand, showing their purity of soul stands strong against the fire of ancient dark.

The knights of the SlaughterQueen creep courageously through the dark in to the jail of the horror untold, one so feared by history its language had been erased so none could recall the title of the Sulpherous Fly Lord they crept to eradicate after its long rest. The light of the SlaughterQueen lead the way to cleanse this place with the soul of darkness and their beautiful, wonderfully lyrical reporter.

The trap was well laid. The chasm they stalked into was covered in the eyes of the enemy, whispering into the darkness but cowering before the glorious natures of the Knights. Then the voice of the Fly Lord boomed through the room a squeaky sound declaring its intentions – to make the world un-beautiful and to speak false epitaphs to those it was shaking in front off. Its name, so ugly to not be worth noting then being declared it's a master of the Hoard! The dark souled one strolled forward and the Hoard of the Fly Lord fell ungraciously to the floor. This reporter dances between the bodies hitting the floor, the bodies hit the floor, beaten why for, they cant take much more but the bodies they hit the floor.

The flying queen saved her Knights, burning the cowardly Lord in her gaze while pulling them to her with her majestic force. The Knights fly through the air side by side they dip and bend. Flying through the air so free, mad old you and Not me. As the Lord falls the Queen purifies the last of its children freeing their

souls to be consumed by the eternity they will no longer see.

The Knights and their Queen descend further into the pit of doom, following the drip of blood falling upon the Fly Lords parent – the pit of Beezleboss ready for their final showdown. The rock off challenge declared and rejected. The Rocket Sauce returned to the pockets of the Knights. The legions of the evil Beezleboss stood and turned to face the Queen, the pure one, the Knights and the beautiful Reporter. The Reporter engaged them in the conversation, declaring their nature too drenched in bad taste to survive in the world as it stands.

The Cambions charge the Reporter, enraged by her words of truth allowing the Queen to strike true, felling one in a single stroke. The cute bloodbane child struck impaling the being to its front while their father struck a second tearing it asunder. This courageous reporter was almost torn asunder but stood firm, calling upon the power of Triptykon to save her beautiful soul she fell to the ground, being missed by the fire and ice projected viciously at her person. The Queen and her Knights move graciously away from the danger projected towards them with the exception of the cute bloodbane child who stood firm against the strike or Faustian might.

The fight continued with the Queen showing her mighty strength, impaling her enemy while declaring her slayers heart true to the world. The pure ones claws ripped into another dirtying his nails with tainted soul goo. While his cute little child follows the path tearing the last asunder.

Then before them stood the true evil of this prison. This Jafar wannabe offered eternity as their slave but the Slayer of Gods stood forth and challenged it for the declaration of the

greater god. As the Slayer struck a prince of hell stepped forth, and so started the ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny. Good guys, bad guys and explosions, as far as the eye can see and only one will survive, I wonder who it will be this is the ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny. The Prince took one look at the Queen and stepped back unto the pit afraid for its eternity.

Then the Beezleboss stood and starred, preparing to fight. It starred at our mighty queen, causing a tear to flow down her cheek at the horror of its grotesque visage – disgusted that this being could be allowed to exist by any time. The pure one is struck through the chest with a blade of flies, before the Queen strikes her blade bouncing from its chest. The being sends an icy blast at this reporter, marring her flesh with frost burns. Beezleboss stretches to attack once more but the Pure one steps in the way taking a blow and kneels as his throat almost slit. The cute bloodbane shows his worth charging to the aid of his Father but alas in vain. The pure one stabs up into the Beezleboss and the queen stabs through the beings throat. And it ends the demons reign.

And so the Queen, the pure one and their Knights left the dark cave. Burning it to ash on the way out. Once more cleansing the world of an evil beyond words.

An angel of the Lord descends unto the Queen and her knights. Declaring congratulations and rewards to the Queen and her knights but alas the Queen was not fooled and the new evil was torn apart. The pure one declared his love for the Queen in a sonnet of violence enacted upon the fallen angel but it was this reporter who felled that being with a sword thrown into its chest. Nigh on over run by the Hoard the group continued to fight and run before the loyal of the Queen arrive and destroy the Hoard.

AN EVENING WITH THE GIOVANNI

By Madam Madeline, Dark Times Social Correspondent

Everybody who knows me knows I like a party, so of course I simply had to grace the Giovanni-hosted affair that was so wonderful teased within the Dark Times - these newcomers to the Glasgow scene clearly pride themselves on their style, so it was time to see if there was any substance to it.

Of course, one has to make an entrance and given that I got a little turned around with my Sat Nav again I missed all of them. However I did hear there were a couple of rather spectacular ones. I was welcomed at the door by tough looking woman who I am sure hides away a heart of gold under all that gruffness and shown into the, as expected, creepy old Giovanni house. It did not disappoint readers, I assure you, it is everything you would ever expect of the abode of the skull clan.

The decor was clearly a result of significant effort, and the entertainments on offer were many and varied. The bodies hanging in the kitchen were certainly... festive, and the maze was a delight (even if it was somewhat ruined by Luca). The ballroom was initially closed, but

with some gentle steering in the proper party direction (meaning I stomped my foot and complained until I got my way) this was swiftly rectified, and the wonderful rendition of a Taylor Swift classic really set the tone perfectly.

The guests were all on form with some truly stunning costumes on show. Nathiara's charming gypsy costume showed admirably that a little can go a long way, Levi Tius' wizard outfit proved that you really can't beat a classic, and Angus and Primrose's Hades-and-Persephone duo inspired some interesting questions, most of them being how *did* he manage to get that floating crown to stay straight all night?

The party was not without its drama of course, though somehow it always seemed to stop whenever I entered the room - a particularly intense discussion in the kitchen clearly did not require an audience, and though I heard about Angus arguing with a caitiff I certainly wasn't witness to it.

Perhaps I had the attentions of Luca Giovanni to thank for that, a true highlight of my evening, he made it quite easy to ignore any such dramatics. My apologies again my darling boy

that I had to make like a pumpkin and rush off at midnight. Another time, another place who knows what could have happened. Perhaps we will bump bunny ears again at the next ball.

All in all the Giovanni party was everything I expected with a few little surprises thrown in to keep us all on our toes. I look forward to the next soiree held by the family Giovanni and please, next time, keep all the dramatics until I arrive, would you please?



LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OH MY!

By Marian Sheriff, Dark Times Correspondent

The two ladies of these Isles, Lady Anne and Lady Primrose, were rumoured to have met sometime this month to discuss a fledgling alliance. It is long been famed that the Prince of London has no love to lose with the Warlocks, so what prize can the new comer to the Princes' table be offering to get past such ingrained hurdles?

Recently a delegation of Blue Bloods visited the court of Glasgow and pressed the prince on matters of most import. Witnesses say there was even some calamity and Elder Tius was seen storming out of court. Was this to do with his recent indiscretion with the first tradition or his failure to provide the domain of Glasgow to the mysteri-

ous and unseen Lord of All Blue Bloods, if he even walks amongst us.

It seems that it has even been speculated that Anne ventured North to have it out with the Mad Queen. What could have been discussed with the two of the most powerful Kindred in the land? One can but wonder.

Our sources also revealed that for the second month in a row Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth, Prince of Birmingham and Queen Anne's most trusted and loyal aide has been spotted in the Scottish capital. Even so far as to be taking names of those who continue to reside in the Domain. Is the Butcher Prince looking to return North of the Border? Or is Lord Huxley, the fabled Golden Boy of Her Majesty looking to finally take the nod, as he

too has been scene in Edinburgh. One thing is for sure, the City of Elysium, the jewel in Scottish Kindred culture is to be bargained away to London, a foothold for English Venture, secured once and for all.

It might be the way out of the current predicament, whatever manner that takes, for Prince Primrose, the Red Duchess we have heard her be referred to, but getting into bed with one such as Anne will result in you getting into whatever position she makes you think you wanted, but perfectly suit her. Mark my words. The wolves are baying down on you, you'll manage to slam the door on them, but another door always opens... And heaven knows what is lurking there.

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The newsletter should only be made available to other Kindred, and all care should be taken to ensure that it cannot breach the Masquerade.

The Dark Times accepts submissions, and any Kindred should forward their contribution to the address to the left. We look forward to your efforts.

Yours,

Editor in Chief of the Dark Times

DARK TIMES –BRINGING LIGHT TO THE SHADOWS

Articles over 750 words may not be printed in full in the main publication

A MESSAGE FROM THE KING

By King Angus MacDonald of Spain

Kindred,

As Lord of Spain, I hold my Court in one of my 25 Domains each month. I have chosen Valencia as the site of my November Court.

Prince Primrose Thassalo has kindly offered to host the gathering in her brand new Elysia, which I am

sure will be a suitably impressive affair.

I am looking forward to meeting up with those of my brothers and sisters who fought with me to take the nation back for the Camarilla. It has been too long my friends, and I look forward to seeing how you are winning the peace now that you have won the war. I am sure the

Unloved is smoothing over your every tantrum and rivalry!

I would extend an invitation to any Camarilla member in good standing, especially my friends in Clans Toreador, Ventruue, and As-samite.

King Angus McDonald,
Lord of Spain,
Regent of Orkney.

HARPY HOUR

We have been warned and thus we see. The Caitiff known as Lucia Marmaduke was drawn out, and acted foolishly. Attacking the visitors. Our good Lord York had no choice but to call the blood hunt. However, those creatures are not welcome back.

Ann Jacques (York)

We here in the Midlands do rejoice at the fact our strong and noble Prince fends off both Caitiff and strange foreign interlopers.

Bethany Trimble (Birmingham)

A motorcade was seen passing through the domain. It bore the secret sigil or Annie of London. Something is a foot.

Lucretia Reflection (Manchester)

Wake up and smell the roses you little shit. It is your time to be quiet and learn, but I do not promise it to be a painless lesson.

Lady Salisbury (London)

I can see a lot of this is going to be a preamble to something properly earth shattering.

Carl (Norfolk)

No submission.

Ryan Harding (Severn)

We wait with baited breath to see how this is playing out. Our newest



A Harpy, wings disclosed.

residents, formerly of Edinburgh make sterling additions.

Douglas Douglas (Aberdeen)

Don't let them back in. Take the chance to rid our isle of throwbacks to other times, with other loyalties.

David Griene (Inverness)

The scandalous lies being told about our new friends are outrageous.

Vanessa Norton (Carlisle)

Oh dear. Now look at the mess you've got us in.

Farr (Edinburgh)

I have no time to battle egos and small minds, I'd rather just stay where I am and wait for the inevitable implosion and beautiful fireworks that ensue

Nathaira (Glasgow)